

"DOCTOR WHO" 7M
CURSE
"THE WOLVES OF FENRIC"

TX
25/10/89

by

Ian Briggs

EPISODE ONE

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor	ANDREW CARTMEL
Production Associate	JUNE COLLINS
Finance Assistant	T.B.A.
Producer's Secretary	CLARE KINMONT
Director	NICHOLAS MALLETT
Production Manager	IAN FRASER
A.F.M.	JUDY CORRY
Production Assistant	WINNIE HOPKINS
Designer	DAVID LASKEY
Costume Designer	KEN TREW
Make-Up Designer	DENISE BARON
Visual Effects Designer	GRAHAM BROWN
Properties Buyer	T.B.A.
Technical Co-ordinator	RICHARD WILSON
Lighting Director	HENRY BARBER
Sound Supervisor	SCOTT TALBOT
Grams Op	MIKE WEAVER
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Special Sound	DICK MILLS
E.M.1	IAN DOW
E.M.2	BRIAN JONES
V.T. Editor	HUGH PARSON
Artist Booker	MAGGIE ANSON
Camera Supervisor	ALEG WHEAL
O.B. Sound	BRIAN ROBINSON

READ THRU: 23rd March 1989

OB REHEARSAL: 27th-30th March 1989

OB: 1st-5th April 1989, 8th-11th April 1989

STUDIO REHEARSAL: 14th-24th April 1989

STUDIO: 25th/26th/27th April 1989

"DOCTOR WHO" 7M - 'THE WOLVES OF FENRIC'

- EPISODE ONE

CAST:

Captain Sorin
Sergeant Prozorov
Vershinin
Petrossian
Ace
The Doctor
Sergeant Leigh
Captain Bates
Perkins
Dr Judson
Nurse Crane
Kathleen Dudman
Miss Hardaker
Mr Wainwright
Jean
Phyllis
Commander Millington

NON-SPEAKING:

Russian commandos
Gayev
Naval guards
Parishioners
Ancient Haemovore (arm of)
Dead Russian commando
Wrens

ANIMALS, INFANTS, ETC:

Baby (Audrey)

SETS:

Command Room / Signals Monitoring Room [Hut 5]
Cave
Judson's Office / Decrypt Room [Hut 1]
Bunk Room [Hut 2]
Vestry
Crypt
Cottage
Millington's Office [Hut 3]

[Note: The Nissen huts are identical in construction -- two rooms connected by a short corridor or lobby -- so it may be possible to build sets for just a couple of them, and then change the furniture and props for different scenes.]

LOCATIONS:

Open Sea

Maidens' Point, comprising:

Shoreline
Caves
Rock Pools
Rocky Outcrop

Naval Camp, comprising:

Old Pit Building
Compound Area
Guard Post [interior/exterior]
Hut 1
Perimeter Fence
Common Land
Hut 5
Old Pit Building [interior]

St Jude's Church, comprising:

St Jude's Church
Graveyard

Nave [interior]

Miss Hardaker's Cottage

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY:

1. Open Sea - dinghies paddle overhead
2. Shoreline - Jean and Phyllis swimming above dragon's head
3. Shoreline - seaweed drifts round dragon's head
4. Shoreline - hand catches bracelet by body of dead commando
5. Shoreline - sands swirl round dragon's head

"DOCTOR WHO" 7M

'The Wolves of Fenric'

by

Ian Briggs

EPISODE ONE

1. EXT. OPEN SEA. DAY.

(AN EERIE MIST
ROLLS ACROSS THE
SEA.

USING THE MIST AS
COVER, A DOZEN OR
MORE WARTIME
RUSSIAN COMMANDOS
IN TWO DINGHIES --
INCLUDING SORIN,
PROZOROV,
VERSHININ AND
PETROSSIAN IN ONE
DINGHY, AND GAYEV
IN THE OTHER --
PADDLE ACROSS THE
ROUGH WATER.)

[Note: Just for the record, the
year is 1943 -- probably May -- and
the environs are the North
Yorkshire coast.]

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 1:

Open sea, Day.

POV some unknown creature:
the two dinghies paddle on
the surface overhead.

2. EXT. OPEN SEA. DAY.

(ONE OF THE
DINGHIES
DISAPPEARS IN THE
MIST.

PROZOROV LOOKS
ROUND FOR IT.)

PROZOROV: (SHOUTS, TO SORIN)
We've lost the others!

SORIN: Keep going!

(NEARLY ALL THE
COMMANDOS ARE IN
THEIR EARLY-20S,
AND ALL OBVIOUSLY
CRACK TROOPS.

PROZOROV AND SORIN
ARE VISIBLY OLDER
AND MORE
EXPERIENCED --
MID-30s. SORIN
WEARS A CAPTAIN'S
INSIGNIA.
PROZOROV WEARS A
SERGEANT'S, AND
HAS THE PHYSIQUE
OF A HIGHLY
TRAINED KILLING
MACHINE.)

3. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(THE SURVIVING
DINGHY BEACHES,
AND THE COMMANDOS
LEAP OUT.

WITH THE PERFECT
SYNCHRONIZATION OF
A WELL DRILLED
OPERATION, THEY
LIFT THE DINGHY
AND RUN UP THE
BEACH TOWARDS SOME
CAVES.)

4. EXT. CAVES. DAY.

(THE CAVES ARE AT
THE FOOT OF A
WHITE CHALKSTONE
CLIFF.)

THE COMMANDOS TAKE
COVER IN ONE OF
THE CAVES.)

SORIN: Move it! Move it!

(PETROSSIAN
HESITATES IN FRONT
OF THE CAVE.)

SORIN (continued): What's the
matter?

PETROSSIAN: Darkness...

SORIN: (ANGRY) Get in!

5. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(MAYBE STILL MIST
ABOUT.

GAYEV, A SURVIVING
COMMANDO FROM THE
DINGHY WHICH
DISAPPEARED, LIES
IN SHALLOW WATERS,
COVERED IN CUTS.

HE'S ALIVE, BUT
FROZEN IN TERROR,
MOANING SLIGHTLY.)

6a

5a. INT. OLD PIT BUILDING. DAY.

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES
IN A SHADOWY CORNER)

6. EXT. OLD PIT BUILDING / COMPOUND AREA.
DAY.

(THE NAVAL BASE
CONTAINS MAYBE A
DOZEN NISSEN HUTS,
BUT OLDER STONE
BUILDINGS SUGGEST
THAT THE SITE WAS
ONCE A WORKS OF
SOME KIND. IT IS
AN INLAND BASE --
NO BOATS.

MAYBE A LIGHT MIST
HANGS IN THE AIR.

ONE OR TWO FIGURES
DRIFT FROM HUT TO
HUT, BUT THERE IS
NO OBVIOUS SIGN OF
SECURITY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE
EMERGE FROM THE
OLD PIT BUILDING,
AND CAREFULLY MAKE
THEIR WAY ACROSS
THE COMPOUND.)

ACE: If this is a top secret
naval camp, then I'm Lord Nelson.

THE DOCTOR: Whine, whine,
whine...

ACE: Professor, top secret naval
camps have men with guns all over
the place. You don't just stroll
in.

(THE DOCTOR KNOWS
SHE'S RIGHT.)

7. INT/EXT. GUARD POST / COMPOUND AREA.
DAY.

(SERGEANT LEIGH IS
SECRETLY WATCHING
THE DOCTOR AND
ACE, AND REPORTING
THEIR MOVEMENTS
INTO A RADIO.)

LEIGH: (SUBDUED) House guests
leaving the Conservatory...
Entering the Library...

(LEIGH IS A MARINE
IN HIS MID-20S, A
REAL HARD CASE.)

8. INT. COMMAND ROOM. DAY.

(CAPTAIN BATES
LISTENS TO THE
RADIO.)

LEIGH: (V/O, FROM RADIO) Will
reach the Drawing Room in about
sixty seconds...

(BATES SMILES.

BATES IS LATE-
20s.)

[Note: Leigh and
Bates are both
marines, even
though their rank
suggests army.
Bates is the RMCO
on the base.]

9. EXT. COMPOUND AREA. DAY.

(ACE LOOKS ROUND
SUSPICIOUSLY.)

ACE: I've had more difficulty
getting into Greenford disco
without a ticket...

THE DOCTOR: You can always go
back.

ACE: I'd rather go rock-climbing.

10. INT/EXT. GUARD POST / COMPOUND AREA.
DAY.

(LEIGH STILL
WATCHES THE DOCTOR
AND ACE.)

LEIGH: (SUBDUED, INTO RADIO)
House guests approaching the
Nursery... Wait -- something's
wrong! One of them's a girl!

11. INT. COMMAND ROOM. DAY.

(BATES JERKS UP.)

BATES: Say again, lookout.

LEIGH: (V/O, FROM RADIO) One of them's a girl! They're the wrong ones!

(BATES THINKS FOR A MOMENT, THEN ISSUES NEW ORDERS.)

BATES: Rat-trap! Rat-trap now!

12. INT. GUARD POST. DAY.

(HANDS GRAB GUNS
FROM THE WEAPONS
RACK.

HALF A DOZEN NAVAL
GUARDS PILE OUT OF
THE DOOR.)

13. EXT. COMPOUND AREA. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE ARE SUDDENLY
SURROUNDED BY
GUNS.)

LEIGH: Don't move! Hands up!

THE DOCTOR: About time too! Call
this His Majesty's navy?
Disgraceful! And those boots are
filthy, seaman! What would happen
if the Germans attacked now?

PERKINS: Sorry, sir...

(PERKINS IS A
NAVAL GUARD, AGED
ABOUT 19/20.

ACE DECIDES TO
JOIN IN.)

ACE: In fact, how do you know
we're not Germans? Well, answer
me, seaman!

PERKINS: You don't look like
Germans, ma'am...

ACE: Have you ever seen a German?
Complete shambles!

THE DOCTOR: You probably don't
even know which one's Doctor
Judson's office. Never mind --

(THE DOCTOR SPINS

ROUND AND STRIDES
OFF TOWARDS A HUT
MARKED "HUT 1".)

THE DOCTOR (continued): This way.

ACE: (ENJOYING IT ALL) Yes, sir!

14. EXT. CAVES / SHORELINE. DAY.

(PROZOROV
SCRUTINIZES THE
AREA WITH A
PROFESSIONAL EYE.

HE SPOTS THE BODY
OF GAYEV ON THE
SHORE.

HE TURNS BACK TO
THE CAVE.)

15. INT. CAVE. DAY

(SORIN AND THE
OTHERS ARE
DEFLATING THE
DINGHY AND STORING
EQUIPMENT.

PROZOROV APPEARS
IN THE ENTRANCE.)

PROZOROV: Quick, down on the
beach!

(A NUMBER OF THE
MEN AUTOMATICALLY
GRAB WEAPONS AND
LOOK TO SORIN.)

PETROSSIAN: How long till
nightfall..?

SORIN: Long enough.

16. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(A COUPLE OF
COMMANDOS COVER
AGAINST POSSIBLE
ATTACK.

SORIN KNEELS BY
GAYEV, SHAKING HIM
URGENTLY.)

SORIN: Gayev, listen to me.
Where are the sealed orders? You
had them. What happened to them?

(GAYEV IS IN A
CATALEPTIC STUPOR,
TERROR ON HIS
FACE, AND WHITE
KNUCKLES ON HIS
CLENCHED FISTS.)

SORIN (continued): Take him back
to the cave.

17. INT. CAVE. DAY.

(SORIN ISSUES
INSTRUCTIONS TO
THE COMMANDOS.)

SORIN: As soon as it's dark,
we'll recce the camp. Petrossian,
you check the shoreline, in case
anything gets washed up.

PETROSSIAN: Alone?

SORIN: It only needs one.

PETROSSIAN: Will you listen to
me? There's evil here. Can't you
feel it cold against your skin?

SORIN: More stupid Armenian
superstitions? You're supposed to
be a soldier.

PETROSSIAN: So was he.

(GAYEV'S EYES ARE
WIDE OPEN, MANIC.)

SORIN: You follow orders.

18. INT. JUDSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(DOCTOR JUDSON
SITS IN HIS
WHEELCHAIR,
SCRIBBLING LOGICAL
FLOWCHARTS ON A
BLACKBOARD.

JUDSON IS IN HIS
40s. HIS BODY IS
WEAK, BUT THERE IS
A FURY IN HIS
EXPRESSION.

NURSE CRANE -- A
STRONG, CAPABLE
WOMAN IN HER
EARLY-30s -- IS
CONSTANTLY IN
ATTENDANCE.

THE DOCTOR BURSTS
IN, WITH ACE.)

JUDSON: In heaven's name..!

THE DOCTOR: Ah -- you must be
Doctor Judson. Forgive the
intrusion. We've travelled a long
way to meet you.

JUDSON: This is intolerable!

CRANE: A little less excitement
please, Doctor Judson. Remember
your blood pressure...

(THE DOCTOR
STRIDES FORWARD TO
INSPECT THE
BLACKBOARDS.)

THE DOCTOR: The Prisoner's Dilemma...

CRANE: You can't just stroll in...

ACE: That's what I told him.

JUDSON: Shut up, Crane. (TO THE DOCTOR) You're familiar with the Prisoner's Dilemma, then?

THE DOCTOR: Based on a flawed premise, don't you find? Like all zero-sum games. But an elegant algorithm nevertheless, Doctor Judson. Tell me, do you have a sheet of official stationery and a typewriter I could use?

JUDSON: On the desk.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(THE DOCTOR BUSIES HIMSELF WITH SOME TYPING.)

JUDSON: You're obviously also an expert in this field, but I'm afraid I don't recognize...

THE DOCTOR: (CONCENTRATING ON HIS TYPING) Ace...

(ACE EXTENDS A HAND TO JUDSON.)

ACE: Hi -- I'm Ace. And this is the Professor.

THE DOCTOR: Doctor...

ACE: Sorry -- the Doctor...

(ACE NOTICES A
FLIP-FLOP GAME ON
A DESK, AND
REACHES FOR IT.)

ACE (continued): Wow, have you
seen this, Professor?

JUDSON: (SHARP) Put it down,
child. It's not a toy.

(ACE IS SUDDENLY
CHASTENED, AND
DROPS THE FLIP-
FLOP GAME.)

ACE: I know it's not. It's a
flip-flop thingy. We used them at
school.

JUDSON: You understand it?

ACE: Yeah -- it's a logic game.
Drop marbles in the top, and
depending on what colour each
window is, the marble follows a
different path. You've got a logic
diagram for it on the blackboard.

JUDSON: Extraordinary. And you
learnt about logic at school?

ACE: Yeah -- Miss Sydenham taught
us in computer studies. She was
well good. Can I borrow this?

THE DOCTOR: Pens -- I need two.

JUDSON: Crane.

(CRANE GIVES THE

DOCTOR TWO
FOUNTAIN PENS.)

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(THE DOCTOR TAKES
A PEN IN EACH
HAND, AND WRITES
WITH BOTH
SIMULTANEOUSLY AT
THE FOOT OF THE
PAPER HE HAS JUST
TYPED.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): There.
(STRAIGHTENS) Come in.

(THERE IS A KNOCK
AT THE DOOR, AND
BATES BURSTS IN.
THE DOCTOR IS
FANNING THE PAPER
TO DRY THE INK.)

BATES: Sorry to disturb you, sir,
but these two are unauthorized
personnel.

(THE DOCTOR TURNS
SHARPLY ON BATES.)

THE DOCTOR: Unauthorized? We are
here at the urgent request of the
War Office.

(THE DOCTOR STOPS
FANNING THE PAPER
AND HANDS IT OVER.

BATES READS IT.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): I think
you'll find it's signed by both the
Prime Minister and His Majesty's
personal private secretary...

BATES: I do apologize, sir. We weren't informed of your arrival.

THE DOCTOR: Need to know, seaman... Doctor Judson's work at breaking the German codes is crucial to the war effort.

BATES: We thought you must be something to do with those kids from the East End who were evacuated to the village this morning. .

ACE: I'm not from the East End...

(THE DOCTOR TREADS
GENTLY ON ACE'S
FOOT, AND SHE
SHUTS UP.)

JUDSON: Perhaps you'd like to see the Ultima machine, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: The Ultima machine -- ah, yes.

JUDSON: Bates, go and fetch Commander Millington.

THE DOCTOR: Commander..? Ah, no, on second thoughts... It's been a tiring day. Perhaps tomorrow, Doctor Judson. (TO BATES) If you could show us to our quarters...

19. EXT. SHORELINE. DUSK.

(PETROSSIAN IS
WALKING ALONG THE
SHORE, SEARCHING.

A FEW YARDS AHEAD,
HE SEES A PACKAGE
IN SHALLOW WATER.

HE PICKS IT UP.
CYRILLIC LETTERING
ON THE OUTSIDE OF
A WATERPROOF
PACKAGE.

HE LOOKS
CAUTIOUSLY ROUND,
THEN OPENS IT.

HE DRAWS OUT SOME
PAPERS, MARKED IN
CYRILLIC. ON TOP
IS A LARGE PHOTO
OF JUDSON.)

20. INT. BUNK ROOM. NIGHT.

(ACE AND THE
DOCTOR STAND IN
THE DOORWAY.)

ACE: Ace! Bunk beds! Bags I go
on top!

(BUT THE DOCTOR IS
TRYING TO
CONCENTRATE ON
SOMETHING ELSE.)

THE DOCTOR: Quiet, Ace. People
are trying to sleep.

(ACE LEAPS UP ONTO
THE TOP BUNK.

THE DOCTOR FROWNS,
AND SITS ON THE
EDGE OF THE BOTTOM
BUNK.

SUDDENLY, ACE'S
HEAD APPEARS,
HANGING UPSIDE-
DOWN FROM THE TOP
BUNK.)

ACE: Is it all right if I go down
to the cliffs and do some rock-
climbing tomorrow?

THE DOCTOR: Go to sleep.

ACE: Sorry...

(ACE'S HEAD

DISAPPEARS AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR GOES TO
THE LIGHT SWITCH.

HE PAUSES, AS IF
HE SENSES
SOMETHING, THEN
SWITCHES THE LIGHT
OFF.)

ACE (continued): Night.

(THE DOCTOR PROWLS
ROUND THE ROOM.

THEN HE WALKS
TOWARDS THE DOOR.)

ACE (continued): Where you off?

THE DOCTOR: The night air. Go to
sleep.

(THE DOCTOR
LEAVES.

ACE LOOKS AFTER
HIM, ANXIOUS.

SHE GETS OUT THE
FLIP-FLOP GAME SHE
BORROWED, AND
HALF-HEARTEDLY
DROPS A MARBLE
THROUGH IT A
COUPLE OF TIMES.

THEN SHE STOPS,
AND JUST STARES
UPWARDS.

FROM ANOTHER ROOM,
A BABY CRIES.

ACE LISTENS.)

KATHLEEN: (OOV, IN ADJOINING
ROOM) Shh... Don't be scared...
Mummy's here... Shh...

21. EXT. ROCK POOLS / SHORELINE. DUSK.

(PETROSSIAN MOVES
FEARFULLY.

STRANGE FOOTSTEPS
NEARBY.

THE FOOTSTEPS STOP
AS PETROSSIAN
FREEZES.

HE MOVES ON
ANXIOUSLY.

POV AN UNKNOWN
CREATURE
FOLLOWING:
PETROSSIAN STOPS
AGAIN.

THE UNKNOWN
CREATURE CONTINUES
TO ADVANCE.

PETROSSIAN TURNS,
TERROR IN HIS
EYES.)

22. EXT. PERIMETER FENCE. NIGHT.

(PERKINS PATROLS
THE PERIMETER
FENCE.)

HE HEARS SLOW
FOOTSTEPS
APPROACHING.

HE ANXIOUSLY
READIES HIS GUN.

THE DOCTOR EMERGES
FROM THE SHADOWS.)

PERKINS: Oh, it's you, sir...
Thank goodness... I thought...
(TAILS OFF)

THE DOCTOR: (BREAKING IN)
Eyes... Eyes watching...

23. EXT. COMMON LAND / PERIMETER FENCE.
NIGHT.

(SORIN HOLDS A
STOPWATCH, AS HE
TIMES A SECOND
GUARD PATROLLING
THE PERIMETER
FENCE.)

24. EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP. NIGHT.

(PETROSSIAN
SCRAMBLES
TERRIFIED OVER THE
ROCKS.

POV AN UNKNOWN
CREATURE IN
PURSUIT: THE
CREATURE CLOSES ON
PETROSSIAN IN
ALMOST A SWOOP.
HE IS ENVELOPED
IN DARKNESS.
FADE TO BLACK.)

25. EXT. ST JUDE'S CHURCH. DAY.

(THE CHURCH IS SLIGHTLY UNUSUAL LOOKING. IT IS DOMINATED BY A BELL TOWER, AND LOOKS MORE LIKE A SMALL FORTIFICATION THAN A CONVENTIONAL CHURCH.

ONE OR TWO PARISHIONERS ARE LEAVING AFTER THE MORNING SERVICE.

MISS HARDAKER IS FIRMLY EXPLAINING THINGS TO THE VICAR, MR WAINWRIGHT. JEAN AND PHYLLIS HANG AROUND, BORED.

MISS HARDAKER IS A SHARP-FACED WOMAN IN HER LATE-50S. SHE SPEAKS WITH A LOCAL NORTH RIDING ACCENT.

MR WAINWRIGHT IS A HESITANT MAN AGED ABOUT 30. HE ALSO SPEAKS WITH A NORTH RIDING ACCENT.

JEAN AND PHYLLIS ARE SELF-WILLED GIRLS AGED 17/18. THEY HAVE EAST END ACCENTS.)

HARDAKER: No doubt about it, Mr

Wainwright -- of course we'll win the war. Right is on our side.

WAINWRIGHT: I'm not sure that right is on anyone's side in war, Miss Hardaker.

HARDAKER: Your father must turn in his grave to hear such words. When he was vicar of this parish, there was respect for the Good Book.

(THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARRIVE.)

WAINWRIGHT: Surely faith is more than just words.

HARDAKER: In plain language, doubt and indecision.

THE DOCTOR: Pardon me, I wonder if you could help us. We're looking for Doctor Judson.

WAINWRIGHT: I think he's still working in the crypt. If you'd like to follow me. Excuse me, Miss Hardaker.

(THE DOCTOR
FOLLOWS WAINWRIGHT
INTO THE CHURCH.)

ACE, MEANWHILE, IS
CHATTING WITH JEAN
AND PHYLLIS.)

ACE: Who's the gargoyle? Friend of yours?

JEAN: She's the old bag we've been billeted with.

ACE: Come again?

JEAN: We've been evacuated.

PHYLLIS: We're from London.

ACE: Yeah, me too.

HARDAKER: Now then, girls -- time we were moving.

JEAN: Back to the land of the dead...

ACE: Okay. See you later.

PHYLLIS: Where?

(ACE LOOKS AT A
SIGNPOST READING
"MAIDENS' POINT, 2
MILES".)

PHYLLIS (continued): Maidens' Point? (A SMILE) Well, that rules me and Jean out, for a start.

(ALL THREE SMILE
CONSPIRATORIALLY.)

ACE: And me. See you later, girls.

(ACE HURRIES AFTER
THE DOCTOR, AND
JEAN AND PHYLLIS
FOLLOW MISS
HARDAKER.)

26. INT. NAVE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
WAINWRIGHT ARE
MAKING THEIR WAY
TOWARDS THE
VESTRY.)

WAINWRIGHT: I can't see why he
spends so much time on old
carvings. I keep telling him it's
pointless.

THE DOCTOR: Answering questions
is never pointless.

WAINWRIGHT: That depends on the
answer.

(ACE CATCHES UP.)

ACE: We're not going to be long
here, are we, Professor? Only I've
arranged to meet Phyllis and Jean
later.

(THEY DISAPPEAR
INTO THE VESTRY.)

27. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE FOLLOW
WAINWRIGHT INTO
THE VESTRY.

THE VESTRY HAS
THREE INTERIOR
DOORS -- LEADING
TO THE NAVE, DOWN
TO THE CRYPT, AND
TO THE BELL TOWER
-- AND ONE
EXTERIOR DOOR.

ACE NOTICES
SEVERAL PIECES OF
SILVERWARE.)

ACE: Here, Vicar -- you shouldn't
leave all this silverware lying
about. You're wide open.

WAINWRIGHT: Aye, I've been
meaning to get a stronger lock
fitted to the door. But, what with
the war and everything...

(THE DOCTOR
FOLLOWS WAINWRIGHT
THROUGH THE DOOR
DOWN TO THE CRYPT.

ACE HANGS BACK AND
CHECKS THE OUTSIDE
DOOR. IT'S VERY
INSECURE.)

28. INT. CRYPT. DAY.

(JUDSON IS COPYING
RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS
FROM THE WALLS BY
TORCHLIGHT. CRANE
SITS NEARBY.

[Note: See
appendix for
details of futhark
lettering in runic
inscriptions.]

WAINWRIGHT ENTERS,
FOLLOWED BY THE
DOCTOR AND ACE.)

JUDSON: Ah, Doctor -- what do you
make of these, then?

(THE DOCTOR PEERS
AT THE RUNIC
INSCRIPTIONS.)

THE DOCTOR: Fascinating... Look
at these, Ace.

ACE: They look like Viking
carvings.

THE DOCTOR: Viking rune stones.
Ninth century, yes?

JUDSON: You evidently know more
about it than I do.

THE DOCTOR: It's the alphabet.
The later Vikings used a shorter,

sixteen-character alphabet.

JUDSON: Don't tell me! I like a challenge. If the Ultima machine can break the most sophisticated Nazi ciphers, some ninth-century scribblings shouldn't be much of a problem.

(ACE IS STANDING
SLIGHTLY APART BY
A WALL.)

HER ATTENTION IS
CAUGHT BY SOME
SOUNDS -- VAGUELY
LIKE MACHINERY
SEVERAL ROOMS
AWAY.)

ACE: Professor, what's that noise?

(THEY ALL LISTEN.)

NO NOISE.)

THE DOCTOR: What noise?

ACE: Like a machine.

THE DOCTOR: Probably the organ bellows. Come on. Let's leave Doctor Judson to his puzzles.

(THE DOCTOR LEADS
OFF, WITH ACE
FOLLOWING.)

ACE: Yeah, okay -- it's just, I could have sworn... (TAILS OFF)

29. EXT. GRAVEYARD. DAY.

(ACE IS TRAILING
AFTER THE DOCTOR.)

ACE: No, it was definitely some
kind of machinery, Professor.

(ACE SEES THAT THE
DOCTOR ISN'T
LISTENING.)

ACE (continued): But don't bother
listening to me. I'm only the
waitress...

THE DOCTOR: Look.

ACE: Yeah, graves.

THE DOCTOR: Look at the ground.

ACE: Oh yeah -- there's a sort of
dip in it.

THE DOCTOR: Caused by subsidence
-- and since the graves were dug.

ACE: How do you know?

(THE DOCTOR
INDICATES A
HEADSTONE LEANING
AT A PRECARIOUS
ANGLE.)

THE DOCTOR: Either that or they'd

been at the communion wine when they put this headstone up.

(ACE PEERS AT THE LETTERING ON THE HEADSTONE:

"JOSEPH SUNDVIK,
"BORN 8 APRIL
1809,
"DIED 3 FEBRUARY
1872.

"FLORENCE SUNDVIK,
"BORN 3 JULY 1820,
"DIED 12 JANUARY
1898.

"MARY ELIZA
MILLINGTON,
"BORN 4 MARCH
1898,
"DIED 17 MARCH
1898,
"SUFFER THE LITTLE
CHILDREN.")

THE DOCTOR (continued):

Sundvik... Must have been descendants of the original Viking settlers.

ACE: Look, the last one. Born 4th of March 1898, died 17th of March 1898. She only lived thirteen days. Poor thing.

THE DOCTOR: Where did you say you're meeting those other two girls?

ACE: Somewhere called Maidens' Point.

THE DOCTOR: I think I'll come with you.

30. EXT. MISS HARDAKER'S COTTAGE. DAY.

(A DOUR STONE
COTTAGE, ALMOST
HEARTLESS.
ADHESIVE TAPE ON
THE WINDOW PANES
IS A REMINDER OF
THE WAR TAKING
PLACE.)

HARDAKER: (V/O) Maidens'
Point..?

31. INT. COTTAGE. DAY.

(MISS HARDAKER IS
LECTURING JEAN AND
PHYLLIS. THERE'S
A TERRIBLE LOOK IN
HER EYE.)

HARDAKER: (CONTINUING) Did you
say Maidens' Point?

PHYLLIS: We only want to go for a
walk. Maybe have a swim.

HARDAKER: I know what girls who
go to Maidens' Point have in mind.
You will never go near the place.
Neither of you.

JEAN: All right -- keep your hair
on.

HARDAKER: You impudent child. Do
you know why it's called Maidens'
Point? Because when you stand on
the cliffs you can hear the
terrible, lost cries of girls who
went to that place with evil in
their hearts. Girls who are damned
forever. Mark my words -- there's
evil at Maidens' Point...

(SFX, BRIEFLY: THE
TERRIBLE RAUCOUS
CRY OF SEABIRDS.

CUT TO:)

32. EXT. ROCK POOLS. DAY.

(THE SEABIRDS SCREECH OVERHEAD.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE ARE LOOKING OUT TO SEA.)

ACE: I like watching the sea. It makes me feel so small. You'd think they'd take their rubbish home with them, wouldn't you?

THE DOCTOR: What's that..?

ACE: Rubbish. People come here for a picnic, and leave their rubbish behind.

(SHE INDICATES THE PACKAGE PETROSSIAN DROPPED IN A SMALL POOL.)

THE DOCTOR: I don't think this is the kind of place people come for picnics.

(HE PICKS THE PAPERS UP AND GLANCES AT THEM: PHOTO OF JUDSON, MAP OF THE COAST, PLAN OF THE NAVAL BASE.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): And I don't think these were just holidaymakers. Not English anyway.

ACE: Germans! German spies!

THE DOCTOR: Look at the lettering on the papers.

ACE: Greek..?

THE DOCTOR: Russian.

ACE: But they were on our side during the war... We'd better warn them at the camp.

THE DOCTOR: I think they already know...

ACE: Where do you suppose the Russians are now?

THE DOCTOR: More to the point is where have they come from? All the way through German-occupied Europe? Or... (LOOKS OUT TO SEA) ... from the North -- like Vikings..? I'm going back to the church.

(ACE'S FACE FALLS)

ACE: Church...

THE DOCTOR: All right, stay here if you find churches so boring. (LOOKS ROUND) But make sure you leave before it gets dark...

33. INT. MILLINGTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(SILENCE.

A CHESS SET IN
MID-GAME -- NORSE
GODS AND GODDESSES
FOR THE NAMED
PIECES, VIKING
WARRIORS' HELMETS
FOR THE PAWNS.

A PICTURE OF
HITLER.

SOME FOLDERS
MARKED "ULTIMA
PROJECT -- TOP
SECRET" AND
"GERMAN NAVAL
DECRYPTS --
CLASSIFIED".

AN OLD PHOTO OF
THE PUPILS AND
STAFF AT A SCHOOL.
A PHOTO OF A YOUNG
MAN -- MILLINGTON
20 YEARS AGO -- AS
A JUNIOR OFFICER.
A MORE RECENT
PHOTO OF A SHIP'S
CREW.

FILING CABINETS
MARKED "GERMAN
NAVAL SIGNALS
TRAFFIC, SEPT-OCT
1939", "GERMAN
NAVAL SIGNALS
TRAFFIC, NOV-DEC
1939", AND SO ON
UP TO MAY 1943.

A DESK NAME PLATE:
"COMMANDER A. H.
MILLINGTON".

BEHIND THE PLATE,
TWO HANDS PLACED
MOTIONLESS ON THE
DESK, GOLD BRAID
ON THE SLEEVE
INDICATING NAVAL
RANK.

THERE IS A KNOCK
AT THE DOOR, AND
BATES BURSTS IN.

HE FREEZES WHEN HE
SEES MILLINGTON.)

BATES: Sorry, sir...

(BATES BACKS OUT
AND CLOSES THE
DOOR.

MILLINGTON SITS
IMPASSIVE, AS IF
MESMERIZED.

HE IS IN HIS 40S,
AND HAS A
DISTURBING FACE --
EYES THAT PIERCE
TO THE SOUL.

MILLINGTON STARTS
SLIGHTLY, AS
THOUGH WAKING.

HE LOOKS AT THE
CHESS GAME.

HE STANDS AND
LEAVES THE OFFICE.

PHYLLIS'S SHRIEK
CUTS THROUGH THE
QUIET.)

PHYLLIS: (V/O, A SHRIEK)
No-o-o...!

34. EXT. CAVES / ROCKY OUTCROP. DAY.

(PHYLLIS IS ROPED
JUST BENEATH A
LEDGE.)

PHYLLIS: (CONTINUING, A LAUGH)
No, I can't! I can't!

(ACE AND JEAN ARE
STANDING AT THE
FOOT OF THE CLIFF.
ACE IS HOLDING THE
OTHER END OF
PHYLLIS'S ROPE.
EVERYONE IS
LAUGHING.)

JEAN: (LAUGHING) You're always
such a baby doll, Phyllis! You'll
love it! Makes you feel all funny
inside...!

PHYLLIS: All right... Get ready
to catch me...!

(AMIDST LARGE
AMOUNTS OF
SHRIEKING AND
LAUGHTER, ACE
LOWERS PHYLLIS TO
THE GROUND.

THEY ALL COLLAPSE
ON THE ROCKS,
PANTING.)

ACE: .Want to do it again?

PHYLLIS: (A SHRIEK) No...!

(THEY ALL LAUGH AGAIN.)

JEAN: . She enjoys it really..!
You should hear what they call her
at school!

PHYLLIS: Jean..!

(PHYLLIS AND JEAN
GIGGLE.)

JEAN: Your uncle doesn't mind you
coming down here by yourself?

ACE: Who? Oh -- the Professor.
No, he's okay really.

PHYLLIS: The old witch said we
hadn't to come here.

JEAN/PHYLLIS (simultaneously):
There's evil in the water..!

(ALL THREE LAUGH.

JEAN AND PHYLLIS
LOOK AT EACH
OTHER.)

JEAN: Come on!

(JEAN AND PHYLLIS
GRAB THEIR
SATCHELS, AND RACE
OFF.

ACE RUNS AFTER.

UNSEEN BY ANY OF
THEM, THE BODY OF
PETROSSIAN LIES
NEARBY, TERROR ON
ITS FACE.)

35. INT. DECRYPT ROOM. DAY.

(JUDSON IS RE-
SETTING THE ROTORS
IN THE CENTRAL
UNIT OF THE ULTIMA
MACHINE.

THE MACHINE ITSELF
FILLS MOST OF THE
ROOM. IT IS AN
EARLY COMPUTER:
BANKS OF RELAY
SWITCHES AND
VALVES, WITH A
SMALL TELEGRAPH
KEYBOARD AND
TELEPRINTER.

MILLINGTON
ENTERS.)

JUDSON: The North Atlantic U-
boats have changed ciphers again.
That's twice this month.

MILLINGTON: Can we crack them?

JUDSON: It might take a few days
longer. They seem to be using six
rotors now, instead of five.

MILLINGTON: Get inside the Nazi
mind, Judson. Learn to think the
way they think. It's the only way
to understand their ciphers.

JUDSON: The machine will do it.

(JUDSON SLOTS THE
ROTOR UNIT BACK
INTO POSITION, AND

PLUGS ITS WIRES
IN.)

JUDSON (continued): This is just the first. There will be many more. In the future. Computing machines. Thinking machines.

(HE TYPES A
SEQUENCE OF
LETTERS INTO THE
MACHINE.

THE VALVES GLOW
WITH LIFE. THE
RELAYS BEGIN TO
CLICK.)

MILLINGTON: But whose thoughts
will they think..?

(MILLINGTON SNAPS
SHUT A LOCK THAT
SECURES THE ROTOR
UNIT.)

36. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(WAINWRIGHT IS
READING AN OLD
RECORD BOOK, WHEN
THE DOCTOR ENTERS.

WAINWRIGHT
HURRIEDLY SHUTS
THE BOOK.)

WAINWRIGHT: Beg your pardon... I
didn't hear you...

THE DOCTOR: Possibly not.

WAINWRIGHT: What can I do for
you, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I'd like to know the
answer.

WAINWRIGHT: I'm afraid I don't
understand...

THE DOCTOR: Afraid, yes -- but of
what? Is it those Viking
inscriptions?

WAINWRIGHT: Doctor, there are
some questions better left
unanswered...

THE DOCTOR: But it's too late,
isn't it? Someone has already
translated the inscriptions.

WAINWRIGHT: It's probably all
nonsense... Some records my

grandfather made while he was vicar
of St Jude's at the end of the last
century...

(RELUCTANTLY,
WAINWRIGHT HANDS
OVER THE RECORD
BOOK.)

WAINWRIGHT (continued): He
translated the Viking inscriptions.
I wish to heavens he never had...

37. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(JEAN AND PHYLLIS
ARE SWIMMING IN
1940s BATHING
COSTUMES.)

ACE STANDS ON SOME
ROCKS, WATCHING.)

JEAN: Come on! Don't be such a
baby doll!

ACE: Nah -- swimming's stupid.

PHYLLIS: It's lovely and warm.

ACE: Anyway, it's dangerous.

(ACE INDICATES A
WEATHERED AND
SEAWEED-STREWN
SIGN SAYING
"DANGEROUS
UNDERCURRENTS".)

JEAN: You're just a baby doll...

(JEAN AND PHYLLIS
SWIM AWAY.)

ACE: (TO HERSELF) Stupid...

(HESITANTLY ACE
TURNS AND WALKS
AWAY.)

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 2:

Shoreline. Day.

POV some unknown creature:
the bodies of JEAN and
PHYLLIS kicking near the
surface overhead.

Only a few feet beneath
their legs, the huge prow
of a centuries-old Viking
longship: a fierce
dragon's head, shrouded in
seaweed.

38. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR READS
FROM THE RECORD
BOOK.)

THE DOCTOR: (READS) We hoped to
return to the North Way, carrying
home the great treasure from the
Silk Lands in the east, but the
dark evil followed our dragonship.

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 3:

Shoreline. Day.

Seaweed about the dragon's
head drifts in the water.

THE DOCTOR: (V/O, CONTINUES
READING) Black fog turned day into
night, and the fingers of death
reached out from the waters. I
carve these stones in memory of
Jørn and Torkel, courageous
friends who died in the Baltic Sea.

39. INT. CRYPT. DAY.

(THE RUNIC
INSCRIPTIONS, AGE-
OLD, SILENT.)

THE DOCTOR: (V/O, CONTINUES
READING) I carve these stones in
memory of Asmund, Røgnvald, Ozur
and Halfdan, brave warriors who
died in the North Sea. I carve
these stones in memory of Yngvar,
my only brother.

40. INT. VESTRY... DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS
STILL READING, AS
WAINWRIGHT LOOKS
ON.)

THE DOCTOR: (CONTINUES READING)
We sought haven in Northumbria, and
took refuge at a place called
Maidens' Bay. But the dark evil
has followed us to this place.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
UP AT WAINWRIGHT.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Maidens'
Bay? That's Maidens' Point. I've
just left Ace there...

ACE: (OOV) Yeah -- but I'm back
now, aren't I?

(THE DOCTOR AND
WAINWRIGHT TURN TO
SEE ACE STROLLING
IN.)

ACE (continued): What you got
there, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: It's a translation of
the Viking inscriptions. And I've
just noticed something.

ACE: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: Something I just
read. (READS IT AGAIN) We hoped

to return to the North Way, bearing
the great treasure.

(THE DOCTOR PULLS
THE PACKAGE OF
RUSSIAN DOCUMENTS
FROM HIS POCKET.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Now
listen to this. (READS IN RUSSIAN)
Vozravchayetes v Norwegioo s
sakrovischem.

ACE: I only did French O-Level...

THE DOCTOR: (EXPLAINS) Return to
Norway with the treasure...
(SMILES) Let's see how Doctor
Judson is getting along, shall
we...?

41. EXT. ROCK POOLS... DAY.

(BOTH GIRLS HAVE
CHANGED BACK INTO
ORDINARY CLOTHES.
JEAN IS TOWELLING
HER HAIR, WHILE
PHYLLIS RE-APPLIES
NYLON SEAMS DOWN
THE BACK OF JEAN'S
LEGS.)

PHYLLIS: Hold still, will you?

JEAN: Make me look like Lana
Turner.

PHYLLIS: You mean Betty Grable.

(THEY LOOK AT EACH
OTHER, A TWINKLE
IN THEIR EYES.)

JEAN/PHYLLIS (simultaneous): Jane
Russell!

(THEY COLLAPSE
LAUGHING AND
GIGGLING.

AS THEY COMPOSE
THEMSELVES, JEAN
FINDS A SMALL
OBJECT LYING
AMONGST THE
ROCKS.)

JEAN: Hey -- look at this...

(THE OBJECT .

LOOKS A BIT LIKE
RANDOM METAL
OBJECTS FROM THE
PAST WELDED
TOGETHER WITH
CORAL.)

PHYLLIS: What is it?

JEAN: I don't know.

(JEAN PICKS IT
UP.)

JEAN (continued): Ooh... it feels
funny... Sort of tingly... Here.

(JEAN GIVES IT TO
PHYLLIS.

WHEN PHYLLIS FEELS
IT, SHE DROPS IT.)

PHYLLIS: Oh! It's like
electric...

(JEAN REACHES FOR
IT AGAIN.)

PHYLLIS (continued): No, leave
it. I don't like it...

JEAN: (SHRUGS) Just a bit of
junk... Come on. We don't want
the old bag to be worrying.

(THEY BUNDLE THEIR
THINGS INTO THEIR
SATCHELS, AND SET
OFF.)

42. EXT. CAVES / ROCK POOLS. DAY.

(CROUCHED BEHIND
SOME NEARBY ROCKS,
PROZOROV IS
WATCHING JEAN AND
PHYLLIS LEAVE.

HE HAS THEM IN HIS
GUNSIGHTS.

AS THEY APPROACH,
HIS FINGER
TIGHTENS ON THE
TRIGGER.)

PROZOROV: (MUTTERS TO HIMSELF)
No closer... Please...

JEAN/PHYLLIS (simultaneous): (IN
THE DISTANCE) Alice Faye...!

(SHRIEKS OF
LAUGHTER FROM THE
TWO GIRLS.

THEY VEER AWAY
FROM PROZOROV, AND
DISAPPEAR IN A
DIFFERENT
DIRECTION.

PROZOROV'S FINGER
RELAXES ON THE
TRIGGER.)

43. INT. JUDSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(JUDSON IS
SCRIBBLING ON THE
BLACKBOARD. NURSE
CRANE SITS BY.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE
ENTER.)

THE DOCTOR: Doctor Judson --
something here that might interest
you.

JUDSON: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: A nineteenth-century
translation of the Viking
inscriptions -- courtesy of Mr
Wainwright's grandfather.

(JUDSON WHEELS
RAPIDLY ACROSS TO
THE DOCTOR.

JUDSON OPENS THE
BOOK AT A PAGE,
AND SCANS IT.)

JUDSON: Ah, yes... (READS)
Night is the time of the dark evil,
and no man is safe alone...

(JUDSON TURNS TO
ANOTHER PAGE.)

JUDSON (continued): This is
invaluable... (READS) The waters
are the most dangerous.

44. EXT. SHORELINE. DAY.

(PROZOROV'S BOOTS
APPEAR ALONGSIDE
THE STRANGE OBJECT
DROPPED BY
PHYLLIS.

PROZOROV BENDS AND
PICKS THE OBJECT
UP.

HE REACTS TO THE
SENSATION WITH
DISLIKE.)

JUDSON: (V/O, CONTINUING) The
dark evil lies waiting in the sea.
It has followed us here. We cannot
see it. But we know that it is
there.

(PROZOROV THROWS
THE OBJECT WITH
ALL HIS STRENGTH
TOWARDS THE SEA.

THE OBJECT SPINS
THROUGH THE AIR.

THEN IT HITS THE
SURFACE OF THE
WATER AND
DISAPPEARS.)

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 4:Shoreline. Day.

The object floats down
through the water.

JUDSON: (V/O, CONTINUING)
Beneath the surface. Beyond
seeing. But it is there.

An inhuman hand -- the
ANCIENT HAEMOVORE's, whom
we shall meet in a later
episode -- reaches through
the water, and catches the
falling object.

The fingernails are long
and sharp like razors.

JUDSON (continued): (V/O) And
one by one, our crew is being
killed...

Caught in the dragon prow,
is the body of a DEAD
RUSSIAN COMMANDO. He is
covered in deep bloodless
cuts.

45. INT. SIGNALS MONITORING ROOM. DAY.

(A DOZEN OR MORE WRENS -- MOSTLY IN THEIR EARLY-20S -- SIT DOWN EITHER SIDE OF TRESTLE-TABLES. EACH HAS A WIRELESS SET AND A PAIR OF HEADPHONES. THERE IS THE FAINT SOUND OF MORSE CODE. THE WRENS ARE EITHER NOTING DOWN THE CODE AS THEY LISTEN, OR ARE SCANNING THROUGH THE WAVELENGTHS IN SEARCH OF TRANSMISSIONS.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE PEER IN.)

ACE: I never knew they had personal stereos in 1943...

THE DOCTOR: They're listening in on coded German radio messages.

(KATHLEEN NOTICES THE DOCTOR AND ACE, SO SHE TAKES OFF HER HEADPHONES TO TALK.)

KATHLEEN: (KEEPING HER VOICE DOWN) Are you looking for someone?

(KATHLEEN DUDMAN IS EARLY-20S AND CHEERY FACED. SHE

SPEAKS WITH A
NORTH RIDING
ACCENT.)

THE DOCTOR: Just being nosy.

KATHLEEN: We're the girls. I'm
Kathleen.

(SHE INDICATES THE
WRENS.

ONE OR TWO LOOK UP
AND SMILE OR
WAVE.)

ACE: Cor, look, Professor! A
baby!

(KATHLEEN'S BABY
IS LYING IN A
CARRYCOT BEHIND
KATHLEEN'S PLACE.
THE BABY IS ONLY A
FEW MONTHS OLD --
VULNERABLE-
LOOKING, BUT
UTTERLY
CUDDLESOME.)

[Note: It should
be a real baby for
this scene.]

ACE (continued): Is it yours?

KATHLEEN: Yes -- and she's a she.

ACE: She's lovely. Can I..?

THE DOCTOR: You'll have to excuse
her. She's from Perivale.

KATHLEEN: That's all right. Of
course you can hold her.

ACE: Ace.

(KATHLEEN PICKS
THE BABY UP, AND
PASSES HER TO
ACE.)

KATHLEEN: Where's Perivale?

ACE (continued): You don't want
to know. Hang on -- she's
upside-... Right...

KATHLEEN: Just put your arm
underneath... Got her?

ACE: Think so...

(KATHLEEN
RELINQUISHES THE
BABY, LEAVING ACE
HOLDING HER.)

ACE (continued): Oh, look,
Professor -- isn't she beautiful..?
Look at her little fingernails.
They're so tiny -- so perfect and
tiny...

THE DOCTOR: (SIGHS) Every one a
heart-breaker...

ACE: What's she called?

KATHLEEN: Audrey.

(ACE'S FACE
FALLS.)

ACE: Oh...

KATHLEEN: Don't you like it?

ACE: It's what my mum was called.
I hate it.

(THE BABY BEGINS
TO SOUND A BIT
FRETFUL.)

ACE (continued): Oh, I think she
wants to go back to you.

(ACE PASSES THE
BABY BACK.

MILLINGTON ENTERS.

KATHLEEN'S
CHEERINESS
SUDDENLY
EVAPORATES, AND
THE ONE OR TWO
WRENS WHO HAVE
BEEN WATCHING THE
BABY HURRIEDLY
RETURN TO THEIR
WORK.

MILLINGTON SEES
THE BABY IN
KATHLEEN'S ARMS.)

MILLINGTON: Dudman. I gave you
clear instructions that the baby
was not to remain in the camp.

KATHLEEN: Yes, sir...

MILLINGTON: Well?

KATHLEEN: I thought she could
stay with my cousin, sir. But
their cottage is too small...

MILLINGTON: Twenty-four hours,
Dudman. Or I shall have you
dismissed from service.

KATHLEEN: Sir...

ACE: Here -- who do you think you are, armpit..?

THE DOCTOR: Shh... Not now...

(THE DOCTOR
BUSTLES ACE OUT.

MILLINGTON BARELY
SEEMS TO HAVE
NOTICED THEM.

HE SURVEYS THE
ROOMFUL OF WOMEN
WITH DISTASTE, AND
HIS EXPRESSION
TWISTS.)

46. EXT. HUT 5 / HUT 1 / COMPOUND AREA.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND
ACE APPEAR FROM HIDING
ROUND THE CORNER
OF HUT 5 -- WHICH
HAS LARGE RADIO
AERIALS ON IT.)

ACE: Why didn't you let me sort
him out, Professor?

THE DOCTOR: Because there are
more effective ways. Look.

(MILLINGTON
EMERGES FROM HUT
5.

THE DOCTOR AND ACE
WATCH AS HE
CROSSES THE
COMPOUND AND GOES
INTO HUT 1.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Come on.

ACE: Where are we off?

THE DOCTOR: I thought we might
have a quick rummage in his
office...

47. INT. MILLINGTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(THE OFFICE IS
EMPTY.

CAUTIOUSLY, THE
DOOR OPENS, AND
THE DOCTOR AND ACE
ENTER.)

THE DOCTOR: Extraordinary...

ACE: What's that?

THE DOCTOR: This office -- the
filing system -- they're an almost
perfect replica of the German Naval
Cipher files in Berlin. Even the
picture of Hitler.

ACE: Commander Millington's a
spy?

THE DOCTOR: No, no. He's trying
to think the way the Germans think
-- anticipate their next move. But
he's done it so perfectly... What
else have we got...?

(THE DOCTOR STARTS
TO POKE AROUND
SOME MORE.

HE FINDS THE
SCHOOL PHOTO.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Well,
well, well... The old school
tie...

ACE: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: It seems that Doctor Judson and Commander Millington were at school together.

(ACE HAS FOUND THE CHESS GAME.)

ACE: Why's everyone here so interested in Vikings?

(THE DOCTOR COMES TO LOOK.)

THE DOCTOR: Yes -- why..?

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY 5:Shoreline. Day.

Sands swirl round the
dragon prow.

48. INT. JUDSON'S OFFICE. DAY.

(MILLINGTON STANDS
OVER JUDSON.)

MILLINGTON: A girl? From the War
Office?

JUDSON: Mathematical specialists.
She understands the logic diagrams.
And they've found an old
translation of those Viking
inscriptions.

(MILLINGTON TURNS
ON JUDSON, AND
TAKES THE OLD
RECORD BOOK. HE
BEGINS TO READ
FROM NEAR THE
END.)

MILLINGTON: Let me see. (READS)
I warn of the day when the earth
shall fall asunder, and all of
heaven too. The six wolves of
Fenric shall return for their
treasure. And then shall the dark
evil rule eternally.

(MILLINGTON LOOKS
UP, HIS EYES
MANIC.)

MILLINGTON (continued): This is
it! The final battle between the
gods and the beasts... It's now,
Judson! This war is the Sword
Time. And soon -- the Wolf Time!

49. EXT. ROCKY OUTCROP. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
STRIDES ON, WITH
ACE HURRYING
BEHIND.)

ACE: I'm confused, Professor.
What's it got to do with the
Russian papers?

THE DOCTOR: My guess is that
we'll find out down here. It must
be somewhere near where we found
them.

(ACE LOOKS IN A
SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT
PLACE.)

ACE: Well -- what are we looking
for? I mean, is it big or...
(STOPS SUDDENLY)

(ACE FREEZES,
LOOKING DOWN,
FRIGHTENED.)

ACE (continued): Professor...

THE DOCTOR: What have you found?

(THE DOCTOR JOINS
ACE AND LOOKS
DOWN.)

AT THEIR FEET IS
THE BODY OF
PETROSSIAN, RAZOR-
LIKE CUTS OVER HIS

BODY, BUT NO
BLOOD.)

THE DOCTOR (continued): Yes --
not very pleasant... But what is
he holding?

(THE DOCTOR KNEELS
AND PRISES OPEN
PETROSSIAN'S
CLENCHED FIST.

INSIDE IS ANOTHER
STRANGE PIECE OF
METALWORK, SIMILAR
TO THE EARLIER
STRANGE OBJECT.

THE SOUND OF
SEVERAL GUNS BEING
COCKED MAKES THE
DOCTOR LOOK UP.

RUSSIAN COMMANDOS
ARE SURROUNDING
THE DOCTOR AND ACE
WITH GUNS.

THE STING OF THE
CLOSING CREDITS
ENDS THE SCENE.)

FADE OUT